

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS

Get Rid of All Your Face Troubles in a Few Days' Time with the Wonderful Stuart Calcium Wafers.

Trial Package Sent Free

You cannot have an attractive face or a beautiful complexion when your blood is in bad order and full of impurities. Impure blood means an impure face, always.

The most wonderful as well as the most rapid blood cleanser is Stuart's Calcium Wafers. You use them for a few days, and the difference tells in your face right away.

Most blood purifiers and skin treatments are full of poison. Stuart's Calcium Wafers are guaranteed free from any poison, mercury, drug, or opiate. They are as harmless as water, but the results are astonishing.

The worst cases of skin diseases have been cured in a week by this quick-acting remedy. It contains the most effective working power of any purifier ever discovered—calcium sulphide. Most blood and skin treatments are terribly slow. Stuart's Calcium Wafers have cured boils in three days. Every particle of impurity is driven out of your system completely, never to return, and it is done without deranging your system in the slightest.

No matter what your trouble is, whether pimples, blotches, blackheads, rash, tetter, eczema, or scabby crusts, you can solemnly depend upon Stuart's Calcium Wafers as never-failing.

Don't be any longer humiliated by having a spotted face. Don't have strangers stare at you or allow your friends to be ashamed of you because of your face.

Your blood makes you what you are. The men and women who forge ahead are those with pure blood and pure faces. Did you ever stop to think of that?

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are absolutely harmless, but the results, mighty satisfying to you even at the end of a week. They will make you happy, because your face will be a welcome sight, not only to yourself when you look in the glass, but to everybody else who knows you and talks with you.

We want to prove to you that Stuart's Calcium Wafers are beyond doubt the best and quickest blood and skin purifier in the world, so we will send you a free sample as soon as we get your name and address. Send for it to-day, and then when you have tried the sample you will not rest contented until you have bought a 50c. box at your druggist's.

Send us your name and address to-day and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address, F. A. Stuart Co., 51 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.



BEAUTY

Doth Banish Age

It can do no more. But to add to beauty there is nothing so absolutely necessary as one of our pompadour Bangs or a Bouey Transformation. It is put on quickly and gives a neat, dressy and trim effect that can be produced by it only. Write for free booklet of everything in hair goods for man or woman.

THE
Manitoba Hair Goods Co.

301 Portage Ave. Winnipeg.

In Lighter vein.

The Huskers.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain had left the summer harvest fields all green with grass again. The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay with the hues of summers rainbow, or the meadow flowers of May.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky, flecked by the many tinted leaves, and laughed they knew not why; and school girls gay with aster flowers, beside the meadow brooks, mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away, and deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;

From many a brown old farmhouse and hamlet without name, their milking and their home tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow, shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below; the golden pile of husks behind, the golden ears before; and laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart, talking their old times over, the old men sat apart; while, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade, at hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

No Shade for Pat.

Pat: "I'm after bidding you goodbye, Molke. It's to Panima for me. Shure, four dollars a day workin' on the canal looks like a gold min beside the one dollar and twenty-five cents in Ameriky."

Mike: "But, Pat, do you mind that Panima is one of the hottest places in the world? It's one hundred and twenty in the shade 'most every day."

Pat: "You don't suppose I'm such a fool as to stay in the shade all the time, do you?"

A Terrible Possibility.

Little Lucy came home from school crying piteously. It was some time before the family could learn the cause of her trouble, but finally the sobbing grew less violent, and she wailed out: "The teacher says—if I don't get my spelling lesson—she's going to make an example of me, and—she puts examples on the blackboard, and—if she puts me there, I'm—afraid the scholars will rub me out—!"

What He Had Read.

An unlettered Irishman's application to the court of naturalization resulted in the following dialogue:

Judge: "Have you read the Declaration of Independence?"

Applicant: "No, sir."

Judge: "Have you read the Constitution of the United States?"

Applicant: "No, sir."

Judge: "Have you read the history of the United States?"

Applicant: "No, sir."

Judge: "No? Well, what have you read?"

Applicant: "O! have some red hair on the back of me neck, your honor."

A Tip in Advance.

A gentleman who was in the habit of dining regularly at a certain restaurant, said to the darkey waiter: "Erastus, instead of tipping you every day, I'm going to give you your tip in a lump sum at the end of the month."

"Dat's all right, sah," replied the darkey; "but I wondah ef you would mind payin' me in advance?"

"Well, it's rather a strange request," remarked the patron. "However, here's a five dollar bill for you. I suppose you are in want of money, or is it that you distrust me?"

"Oh, no, sah," smiled 'Rastus, slipping the bill in his pocket; "only I'se leavin' hyar to-day, sah."

She Might.

Recently two small boys were playing near the country road. A young lady approached them.

"Little boy," said she, "can you tell me if I can get through Olds gate to the pits?"

"Yes, I think so. A load of hay went through five minutes ago."

Appropriate.

The little bugler wore a proud smile as he turned out on guard for the first time.

"Have you learnt all the calls, yet, my boy?" asked the officer, encouragingly.

"Nearly all, sir."

"Do you know the sergeant's call?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the assembly?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the fire alarm?"

"N—no, sir."

"H'm. Well, now, what would you sound if a fire should break out?"

After a pause:

"Er—er, 'lights out,' I suppose," he stammered.

His Exclamatory Ailment.

A colored man in the employ of Representative James D. Richardson of Tennessee was detailing to a friend the particulars of a relative's illness, when, according to the Congressman, the following dialogue ensued between the two darkeys:

"Yes, sree!" exclaimed the negro first referred to, "Moses is sure a sick man. He's got exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory rheumatism," explained the better-informed colored man, de word 'exclamatory' means to yell."

"Yes, sir, I knows it does," quickly responded the other, in a tone of decided conviction, "and dat's jest what de trouble is—de man jest yells all the time."

Had Not Reached the Limit.

Two gentlemen were traveling in one of the hill counties of Kentucky not long ago, bound on exploration for pitch pine. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. It was very still. The hogs lay where they had fallen, the thin claybank mule grazed round and round in a neat circle, to save the trouble of walking, and one lean, lank man, whose garments were the color of the claybank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"Wonder if he can speak," said one traveller to the other.

"Try him," said his companion.

The two approached the man, whose yellowish eyes regarded them without apparent curiosity.

"How do you do?" said the Northerner.

"Howdy?" remarked the Southerner, languidly.

"Pleasant country."

"Fur them that likes it."

"Lived here all your life?"

The Southerner spat pensively in the dust.

"Not yit," he said.

Unanswerable.

Bertie: "Pa, who's that a picture of?"

Pa: "Father Time, with his scythe."

Bertie: "But he's nearly bald."

Pa: "Yes; most old gentlemen are."

Bertie: "But, say, pa, I thought Time had a forelock."

A Simple Explanation.

Mike and Pat worked for a wealthy farmer. They planned to turn burglars and steal the money which the farmer had hid in one of the rooms of his house. They waited until midnight, then started to do the job.

In order to get the money they had to pass the farmer's bedroom. Mike says, "I'll go first, and if it's all right you can follow and do just the same as I."

Mike started to pass the room. Just as he got opposite the door the floor creaked. This awoke the farmer, who called out, "Who's there?"

Mike answered with a "meow" (imitating a cat). The farmer's wife being awake, too, said, "Oh, John, it's the cat," and all was quiet.

Now Pat started to pass the door, and as he got opposite it the floor creaked again. The farmer called out again, louder than before, "Who's there?"

Pat answered, "Another cat."

Evening Up Accounts.

During the South African war, letters sent home by British soldiers had to pass through the hands of a censor. A certain private had sent four or five letters home, and portions had been obliterated by the censor, and were therefore illegible on their arrival at their destination. He decided to even accounts with the censor, and at the foot of the next letter he wrote: "Please look under the stamp."

At the censor's office the letter was opened and read as usual. The officer in charge spent some time in steaming the stamp from the envelope, but his feelings can be better imagined than described when he read these words: "Was it hard to get off?"

Why His Nose Was Red.

The late Mr. Duffy, of Keene, N. H., according to "The Boston Herald," had a very red nose, although he was noted by profession and practice.

On one occasion, when he was on business in a liquor saloon in his neighborhood, a drummer came in to sell cigars. To gain the good graces of the bartender, he invited all in the place to drink, to which invitation all readily responded save Mr. Duffy.

The drummer went to him, and, slapping him on the shoulder, said, "I say, old man, what are you going to have?"

"I thank you, sir, but I niver dhrink," was Duffy's quiet reply.

"What? You never drink?" the drummer responded, with a sarcastic laugh. "Now, if you never drink, will you please tell us what makes that nose of yours so red?"

The impertinence of the questioner at once aroused the irascibility of the old gentleman, and he replied, "Sir, it is glowing with pride because it is kept out uv other people's business."

She Was Excused.

One evening as the mother of a little niece of Phillips Brooks was tucking her snugly into bed, the maid stepped in and said there was a caller waiting in the parlor. The mother told the child to say her prayers and promised that she would be back in a few minutes. The caller remained only a short time, and when the mother went upstairs again, she asked the little girl if she had done as she was bidden.

"Yes, mamma, I did and I didn't," she said.

"What do you mean by that, dear?"

"Well, mamma, I was awfully sleepy, so I just asked God if He wouldn't excuse me to-night, and He said, 'Oh, don't mention it, Miss Brooks.'"

Chew

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